

# Vinnie Paz - And Your Blood Will Blot Out the Sun Lyrics

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[Intro]

It's the God of the Serengeti, I'm the God of the seven deadly  
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, what up?  
G.O.D. Jus Allah, Tony Kenyatta, what up baby?  
Listen, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Supreme Godhead, gutter like poverty  
Righteous man is one of forty six parts prophecy  
It's epicyclical orbit like the hypotheses  
It's metaphysics and borders on the philosophy  
Another song of yours is just another disaster  
Another verse of mine is just another cadaver  
You could call it a Genesis of another chapter  
You could call it the venom that's from the troubled rapper  
The same rapper that was known for just smashing your face in  
Who is God? What's material manifestation?  
I'm indestructible, my actions are that of a Mason  
Yamasee Native American tribe of relations  
The judge shoot a book at me, I take it and blood  
The rook move horizontally, basically drugs  
A nation of intellectuals, a nation of thugs  
Jesus is hate, a nation of Satan is love!

[Hook: Poison Pen]

With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right  
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide  
We swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
So what's crackin'? So what's stackin'?  
If we falling out, then we brawling out (Team Homi)  
Vinnie chalk 'em out (Team Homi) ain't nothing to talk about  
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what's happening'?  
(Yo what's happening?) It's all that shit...

[Verse 2: Immortal Technique]

Me and my conglomerates shall survive Apocalypse (Yes!)  
I charge a price for telling people what the process is  
Living in a world where dictatorship is obvious (Word)  
National resources running out for the populous  
Murder doesn't need a lobbyist or an ambassador  
Ask the survivors of the Mý Lai massacre (Damn!)  
'Back to the Future' without the flux capacitor  
Kill you for the gold like Colonel Gaddafi characters  
You bath salt sniffin' zombies fuckin' a stranger (hahaha)  
Navajo skin walkers, nigga, I'm a face changer

Surgically remove your heart, bury it at Wounded Knee  
A microcosm of the graveyard that Earth is soon to be (Yeah!)  
A eulogy for those chasing cars and jewellery (And...)  
I'm stocking food and water coz shit ain't what it used to be  
I'm motivated like Buster Douglas when his mother died  
Border Patrol, nigga, see you on the other side!

[Hook]

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